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VERMONT
Quarterly

VERMONT PRICE HISTORY
VERMONT'S STATE HOUSES
MIDDLEBURY SKETCHES
MATTHEW LYON

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July, 1944

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The next issue we expect will be our long intended one on modern Vermont artists. Because Mr. Robert Warner, of Dorset, knows a great deal more on the subject than we do, he will be guest editor of this issue. A portfolio of reproductions will again be included, with two full color plates from the work of Paul Sample and Luigi Luicioni.

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NEW SERIES JULY VOL. XII No. 3

A CENTURY AND A HALF OF PRICE HISTORY

By DR. THURSTON M. ADAMS

Assistant Professor of Agricultural Economics, U. V. M.

OUT of the garrets of old Vermont houses has come a record covering the century and a half of Vermont price history from 1790 to 1940. The account books in the library of the Vermont Historical Society furnished part of the record during the first half century. Those made available to the Agricultural Experiment Station by over 800 Vermont residents complete the record.

Now that we are again at war it is of interest to examine the course of prices in Vermont during past wars. The nation has engaged in three major and two minor wars during the period covered by this record. Neither the war with Mexico, 1846–47, nor that with Spain, 1898, greatly affected either retail prices or farm wages or prices. They were of relatively short duration, and the country's resources in manpower and productive capacity were but slightly drawn upon in their prosecution. In each of the major wars, prices went through a period of violent inflation which was followed by deflation.

The War of 1812 which came at the end of two decades of world-wide conflagration — the Napoleonic Wars — was accompanied by some rise in the prices of farm and retail goods. During the war, farm products and retail goods and services advanced about one-fourth. After its close, retail prices declined while farm products continued to

advance for two years. The rise in 1816 and 1817 is to be attributed not alone to the war but largely to the poor crop year of 1816, "the year without any summer," and the resulting scarcity of feed supplies. This "famine year" brought the greatest physical hardships that the inhabitants of this state as a whole have ever known. With snow falling in every month of the year and a heavy frost September 10, almost no crops were harvested that fall. Much of the livestock in the state perished, the hay crop having failed.

During the second major conflict — the Civil War — prices again rose rapidly. Both farm and retail prices nearly doubled during the four year period. Regulation of prices and the consumption of goods were left to normal economic processes without attempt at control by either the federal or state governments. The federal government issued over $433,000,000 in paper money, the so-called green-backs, and sold various series of interest-bearing bonds with rates ranging from 4 to 8 per cent, some of which were payable in gold, some in silver, some in gold and silver, and others in any form of legal tender. The rise in prices is to be attributed, in part, to the resulting currency depreciation.

Of especial importance to Vermont farmers at the time was the rise in wool prices. Following the outbreak of the war, demands for cloth to supply the growing army rose by leaps and bounds. The supply of cotton from the South, except for small amounts which were smuggled, had been shut off, and the price of wool rose rapidly. As the demand for wool reached its peak the price advanced until Vermont farmers were receiving a dollar or more a pound.

Of all the wars in Vermont's history only World War I approaches the present one in terms of world-wide vastness, in the proportion of the nation's productive capacity engaged, and in the extent of government control over prices and consumption. The widespread regulation of prices in 1917–18 was a new and fruitful experience for the United States. It is now quite generally recognized that although applied late, and somewhat incidentally, and perhaps abandoned too soon, this price control was generally quite effective while in operation. The object of price regulation appears to have been to stabilize prices at the lowest, yet fair, price that would insure the desired production and distribution of essential materials.

Little was done to regulate prices, either farm or industrial, until August, 1917. By that time Vermont farm products were selling at prices 63 per cent above their pre-war levels, more than two-thirds of

the advance having occurred during the preceding 12 months. Sizable increases had occurred in the sale prices of many retail items, food having advanced 49 per cent and feed 61 per cent between September, 1916 and June, 1917. The retail prices of all goods and services increased about one-fourth between 1916 and 1917.

With our entry into the war and the establishment of controls, the rise was slowed down. Rigid government controls were delayed until acute situations forced action here and there, but under wartime conditions such governmental control, once begun, tended to be extended in many directions. The evidence seems to justify the conclusion that the control agencies had some success in restricting the rise in prices during the period of our active participation in the war. Though they failed to prevent rises, they slowed down the rate of increase. It was not until the armistice and subsequent removal of price controls, that prices at the farm for farm products and at retail for goods and services once again moved rapidly upward until the break finally came in mid-1920.

Students of Vermont history who are interested in following the course of prices may secure without charge the complete record by requesting Bulletin 507, "Prices Paid by Vermont Farmers for Goods and Services and Received by them for Farm Products, 1790–1940; Wages of Vermont Farm Labor, 1780–1940," published by the Vermont Agricultural Experiment Station. Requests should be addressed to the U. V. M. Farm Bulletins Office, 481 Main Street, Burlington.

This bulletin presents data on the prices of 123 separate items bought and used by, or produced and sold by, Vermont farmers. The majority of these series, which cover not only commodity prices but also farm wages, taxes, medical care, fire insurance, freight and passenger rates and other services, reach back into the past from 100 to 150 years. Also given is an analysis of the data to determine the trends of and the relationship between different classes of commodities and services. Attention has also been given to geographical differences in prices and to the relation of local to central market prices.

NOTE. An extended treatment of this subject will be found in Dr. Adams' *Prices Paid by Vermont Farmers . . . 1790–1940*, U.V.M. Agricultural Experiment Station, Bulletin No. 507, 176 pp., 1944.

MONTPELIER IN 1821, FROM BERLIN

From an old woodcut, taken in turn from a sketch by Mrs. Watrous for the 1821 edition of James Whitelaw's map of the state. State House is tallest building at left center.

VERMONT'S STATE HOUSES

BEING A NARRATION OF THE BATTLES OVER THE LOCATION OF THE CAPITOL AND ITS CONSTRUCTION

By HAROLD L. BAILEY

KNOWLEDGE of the number of columns in the State House portico may or may not classify as worthwhile information. But when the question was raised a while ago and I found it discreet to maintain silence — you see, I'd only been going by them four times a day for twelve years — it occurred to me that those pillars symbolized a lot of things about this State Capitol of ours that I did not know. Certainly there were enough to fill a short paper, if not a volume or two. The matter has no particular element of timeliness, no great educational value, but it does have some direct bearing on the lives of many of us, for it deals with the reasons most of the people in Montpelier happen to be living there and not in some other Vermont city or town bearing the title of State Capital. And this, I conjecture, does not apply alone to the daytime residents of the state house. It is hardly likely that business, even that of insurance, would have offered the opportunity here that it does now, had the capital been located elsewhere.

The main facts concerning the State House itself — indeed the three state houses which have stood under the hill in Montpelier — are to be found in various publications, including a volume of the reports of the Governor and Council and the legislative year books, also in an especially attractive booklet, written by Mrs. Mary G. Nye and published by legislative enactment as a guide book to the State House and its furnishings. This should be required reading for all Vermonters and especially all Montpelierites.

It is not my purpose to attempt a repetition of these treatises except in brief summary. Rather I have tried to add some background much of which is hardly such stuff as conventional history is made on.

Not exactly off the record, but on records so deeply buried that

few see them, are the facts surrounding the battles which kept the flame of state at Montpelier. And if it appears that some of my material might just as well have been left where it was, my excuse is that it throws some revealing light on the times over and above the immediate subject. And if some of it wouldn't quite do for Burlington and Montpelier Chamber of Commerce campaigns, or booklets of the State Publicity Department, the answer is that the ridiculous side should be apparent to everyone knowing the two places now.

Three dates and events should be kept in mind as we go along:

1805. When by vote of the legislature then sitting at Danville, it was decided to build a state house at Montpelier and to make that town the permanent "seat of the legislature."

1832. When it was voted to build a new state house at Montpelier.

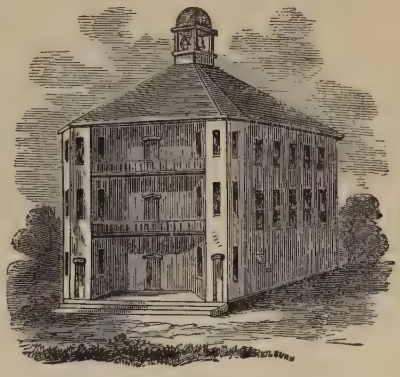
1857. When the second state house was burned and when, after much travail, Montpelier was reborn a second time as state capital.

I have not been able to find any extended record of debate over the action in 1805. The journals were brief and the newspapers were more concerned with things like Napoleon's coronation and similar "world events," than with local affairs. That there would have been some bickering and horse-shedding is to be expected, legislators being what they are. It was then, I suppose, that Randolph made its bid, though I have failed to find any real record of that, only the tradition that the Center village with its straight 8-rod wide street was laid out to be the capital and the Chase, or Parrish, house was to be the executive mansion. Even old time residents whom I have interviewed, folks supposed to be well grounded in local history, could give me no specific information on the subject.

In all the 30 years or so that Vermont's capital had been on the move, with the legislature meeting at Bennington, Windsor, Newbury, Vergennes, Danville, Rutland and half a dozen or more other places including Charlestown, N.H. (which was for a time more or less *de facto* in Vermont), it does not appear that any session had been held at Montpelier. Its population as given for 1800 was 890, so it had no weighty political strength. Perhaps that was one of the very reasons for its selection. It was a sort of neutral ground, though one anti-Montpelierite observed later that most of the representatives knew so little about it, that they thought Montpelier was up on sort of a peak from which they would be able to overlook the whole state.

It was close to the geographical center, at any rate, and there were, in addition, 8,000 other reasons offered by Montpelier people. The latter agreed to raise that number of dollars, if they could have the state house, and Thomas Davis, son of founder Jacob Davis, pledged the land for it.

The first state house, a three story wooden building, stood, I should judge, a little to the west of the place where the Supreme Court building now is. It was ready for the session of 1808, and the Legislature moved in. Thus, one might suppose, the question of Vermont's capital was settled and settled for good. Hardly so. Not much sooner had the floors got well stained with tobacco juice which missed the sawdust boxes than agitation began for moving out again.



The old idea of alternating from one side of the state to the other — perhaps the first version of mountain rule — was stoutly argued; but Burlington had already begun casting a come-hither look. Apparently bills to remove the seat of the legislature from Montpelier were about as regular in almost every session after the first two or three as were hedgehog bills at a later period. Even the question of setting up the new county of Jefferson (Washington, as soon as the Federalists returned to power) was tied up with one of the proposed removals. Montpelier was to be the county seat if its adherents would let the state house go elsewhere. Eventually it got both.

In 1832 things were brought to a head by the apparent necessity of having a new building. The old one was not so very old, but, judging from pictures and descriptions, it was not so very good; and the legislature had pretty much out-grown it. The proposal, which matured a couple of years later, to replace the Governor's Council with a Senate probably was in the wind at that time, and if accepted would require more room. Then again — so one account says — the "reps" had used their jack knives so freely on their desks and presumably other woodwork that the building was pretty well whittled up. One of the unfortunate results of unbalanced education in district school houses, no doubt.

But when the question of a new state house came up, so did Burlington — with the demand that it be built there, and with the usual promise of contributing to its construction.

Whether the debate was good enough to qualify for a preliminary to the main mud-slinging event which came 25 years later I do not know. Probably not. Accounts are meagre on the point. But there was at that time another matter which may have served as a shock absorber. The anti-Masonic crusade was on. Over-excited gentry, led on by some very astute politicians, were expostulating at great length about the evils of Masonry, and this left less time to devote to the evils of having the capital at Montpelier. At any rate, it was said in the debates of 1857, and of course also denied, that only anti-Masonic controversy kept the seat of government in Montpelier in 1832. Incidentally, I noted in the House Journal that it was during the 1832 session that the so-called extra-judicial oath law was passed, aimed, of course, at Masonry. The final vote in the House, concurred in by the Council, was decisively in favor of staying at Montpelier.

The second state house was built 250 feet northwest of the site of the old one and on the same site as the present building. And a very good building it seems to have been. That is, if you don't take too much to heart what was said of it by the Burlington protagonists later on. It was of the same general design as the present building. The Barre granite of which it was built was hauled over from the quarries by teams of four horses and two oxen, eighteen hours to the round trip. The dome was less imposing than the present one but perhaps matched up well with the shorter wings. It had no Ceres at its top, but neither Larkin Mead nor Dwight Dwinell were around just then to see to that. There were very nice things said about the building — outside of Burlington — and the *Patriot* regularly carried a cut of it at its masthead. Ammi B. Young, the architect, and L. R. Edgerton, superintendent of construction, were given well warranted credit for a good job done.

The following from a report of a legislative committee re Mr. Edgerton's remuneration is, however, of some interest, because a similar situation arose when State House III was built. Also it throws some light on the evaluation of white collar jobs at the time.

"The undersigned believe the superintendent had discharged the duties of his appointment with fidelity and is entitled to an adequate and fair compensation, but they are unanimously of the opinion that

he has very considerably over-rated the value of his services. (He had asked $1,500 per year from March, 1833 to November, 1836.) But we have not been able to agree what sum should be allowed him." How much he did get does not appear.

The complete cost of the building was about $134,000, and that — not merely the cost itself but the fact that the state in that day and time erected a building of that proportion — is something rather to be marveled at. Montpelier contributions amounted to about $18,000.

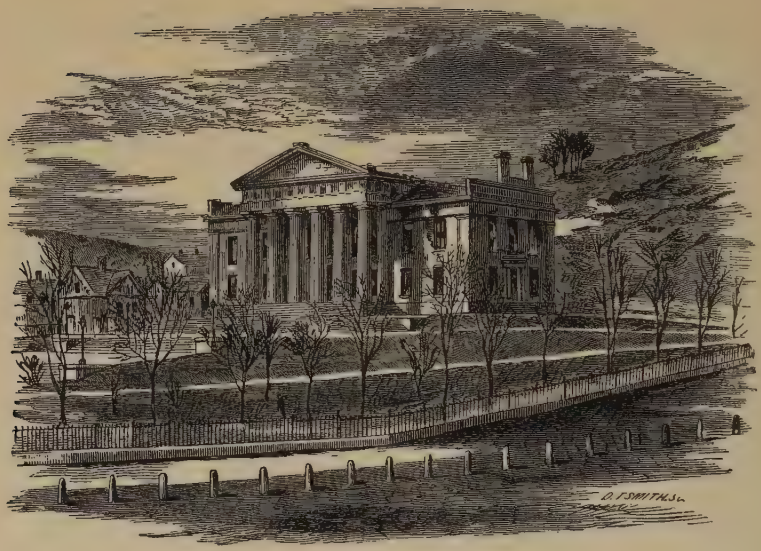
One thing, according to our Sunday school teaching, ought to have insured its permanence. It was built upon a rock. A contemporary newspaper account tells us that the ledge formation, of which the whole hill back of it is composed, projected out into a rocky knoll at the spot selected for the building. This had to be completely blasted away. The report of an eye witness to this job appears in the travel journal of one C. W. Eldredge. I quote from the section relating to the blasting which seems to have fascinated Mr. Eldredge:

"We were now repeatedly shocked though at a distance from the scene, by the blasting of the mountain of rock, for the foundation of the capitol. It appeared a great undertaking to remove such a mass of solid stone, covering near an acre of ground, from twenty to thirty feet deep, by the agency of powder. But they did not spare in the quantity of this Aeolus's confined air, using two or three barrels at a blast and the effect was most tremendous, frequently throwing fragments of a hundredweight into the heavens till they appeared a slight speck, or projecting pieces of a ton's weight, in other directions, to great distances. . . . The greatest explosions were appointed to take place at a certain hour so that individuals might avail themselves of the opportunity to witness it from safe positions. From the heights above we often watched the quick convulsions of the primeval adamant below and at the instant it would seem that chaos was again. The former state house, standing within the vicinity, was reduced to a complete skeleton from the random stones."[1]

And that, incidentally, tells us what became of State House I, or most of it. In the final accounting of the superintendent of construction of State House II, the state is credited with $76, proceeds from the sale of what was left of the former hall of government.

But the Biblical proverb of the house builded upon a rock did not

1. *Proceedings,* Vermont Historical Society, n.s., vol. II, no. 2, June 1931.



CONTEMPORARY WOODCUT OF THE BURNT STATE HOUSE

contemplate fire — only rain and wind and high water. And when the granite structure had been in use for only about 20 years, the janitors crammed the furnaces too hard one below-zero night, trying to warm up for a constitutional convention. Perhaps (who knows?) some of the accumulated sound waves of dry old debates made it extra combustible. Anyway, on the cold, gray dawn of the morning after, only the walls and portico were left. The State House was, in the not too elegant reportorial phrase, gutted.

Judging from the printed accounts, this conflagration had most of the elements of any good fire: Hose, running from the river to some sort of engine, froze up; somebody, while the State Librarian was trying to salvage books, pulled down the stairs and nobody would listen when he tried to tell them where the most valuable books were, and all that. Librarian Harvey Webster did, however, do a good job himself by throwing many volumes out of a window into the snow, and another good piece of salvage was the rescue of the big oil painting of Washington. An inventory of property taken out shows a considerable number of cheap tables and the like saved from the burning, but not many worthwhile things. Montpelier's historian, Dorman B. E. Kent has said that the most irreparable loss occurred in the burning of the complete files of every newspaper ever published in

the state up to that date. Indeed, there was no other such collection to take its place. The most valuable property reclaimed from the fire, except the stone, was the copper from the dome and roof, valued at $1500.

Putting the right foot forward at the very beginning, the *Patriot* in its next issue, January 9th, came out with the headlines: FIRE AT THE CAPITOL — State House Partially Destroyed. And it wound up with a masterpiece of optimism to the effect that only a relatively small amount of repairing would put the building back in shape for the next session. Vain hope! If this were designed to throw dust in the eyes of the covetous, it was no good.

The fire had occurred January 6th, 1857. Governor Ryland Fletcher called a special session of the General Assembly for February 18th to see what was to be done. The Senate convened on that date in the County Court House. The House met in the old Brick Church; and the fight was on.

In the opening of one of Sir Gilbert Parker's less well known novels, *The Battle of the Strong*, there is a little philosophy worth quoting. "There is no one living to-day," the author wrote, "who could tell you how the morning broke and the sun rose on the first day of January, 1800; who walked in the Mall, who sauntered in the park . . .; none lives who heard and remembers the gossip of the moment or can give you the exact flavor of the speech and accent of the time. Down the long aisle of years echoes the air but *not* the tune. The trick of form comes to us but never the inflection."

So it must be with the story of that legislative session. If we could see the expressions on the faces of the members, catch their inflections, pick up some of the gossip, we should know just how serious all of the name calling and vituperation were. But whether or not some of it may have been said with a smile, some of it indubitably was not and the session was no love fest.

Most of the information about the debate can be found in a volume in the Historical Society Library called *The Vermont Capital*, published by E. P. Walton, and containing not only excerpts from the journals but extended reports made for the press.

For purposes of this paper it is necessary to compress much and to rearrange continuity somewhat, but I have taken no liberties with the statements quoted or referred to. Most of the seven-day controversy raged while the bodies were sitting in committee of the whole. Ferrand F. Merrill represented Montpelier in the House and seems

to have upheld Montpelier's side with dignity and skill. Burlington's representative Stacy naturally carried the ball for that town. In the upper house Washington County's Senator Gregory stood four square for Montpelier while Underwood of Chittenden and Field of Rutland were bitter-enders for the opposition. And besides their elected standard bearers both sides had employed eminent counsel, Edmunds, later U.S. Senator, for Burlington, and Dillingham, later governor, for Montpelier.

What, then, were the chief arguments used against our town and for the removal of the capital to most any other place in general but to Burlington in particular? These are some of the highlights:

Montpelier was unhealthy. It had fogs, and members of the Legislature became sick about as soon as they got here.

Montpelier had no scenery. It was a hole in the hills, somebody said, and it was so out of the way that travelers never would see the state house and if they did they would see it crowded right against a hill. "How would Ethan Allen's monument, for example, look in such a situation as that?" was the contribution of one solon.

It was not central, then. It might have been once, but not since the iron horse had come in, and even if folks could get here by train, it was on a spur track and one had to change cars so many times that one's baggage got smashed worse than on a "trip to Buffalo."

Montpelier had been capital long enough. It was "an old office holder" (this latter from the gentleman from Putney). There wasn't any obligation on the part of the state to maintain it any longer, and the term "pauper town" was heaved into the melee.

Above all its failings, perhaps, was that charged by the representative from Westford, Reverend Mr. Woodward: The people drank here, most nonchalantly, and flouted the state prohibition law, one of the greatest legal enactments, he averred, ever spread upon any book of law. The Pavilion Hotel came in for a little consideration on this. Montpelier's side presented figures to show that its take was only moderate — $100 per day, during a session, with expenses $90. Yes, but what about certain business not shown on the books? Well, if any liquor did come here, it came from another town — not calling names, but meaning Burlington. Then, again, a minister of the gospel had disgraced his cloth apparently by making amelioratory remarks as to the liquor situation and law enforcement. This cleric, it seems, was Mr. Lord of that same Brick Church.

There were plenty of other specifications, but it seems the main idea was summed up in the remarks of Mr. Edmunds and Senator Pierpont of Addison. "As to the inconveniences and unfitness of the present location," said Edmunds, "they are notorious, in the state and out of it. If the state house had not been here, no man who was not fit for a place in the insane asylum, would believe that its location in Montpelier could be thought of." Whereupon Pierpont added: "To talk of its being a good location for a state house is contrary to the common sense of mankind."

On the other hand, Burlington also fared rather poorly when the mud got to flying. (Rutland, probably because it was running clearly in third place, didn't draw very much fire and only engaged in sniping operations at Montpelier.)

Burlington was unhealthy. It may not have had many autumnal fogs (Mrs. Nye has unearthed some original affidavits from Burlington physicians swearing that it didn't have any) but it did have winds, and plenty of them. And at this point, on the question of health, Montpelier played its trump card. It was a quotation from a book by a Doctor Fitch. It was read both in the Senate by Mr. Gregory and in the House by Mr. Merrill, with probably no end of chuckles.

"The north and northwest winds carry all the vapor and dampness of the lake from Plattsburg and throw them directly on Burlington.

"Some physicians of Burlington have for many years taught the necessity of shutting up (houses) in winter and keeping very warm. For this reason and a strong desire to be comfortable, the houses are closed in November, usually the double windows are put up and kept up without being once opened until April following. A female is rarely seen in the street. I have visited 150 cities in Europe and this country, yet my impression is I never saw so much consumption anywhere as in Burlington in proportion to its population, in the same class of people. The disease was chiefly with the best people."

Even Burlington's representative Stacy couldn't quite wash that one out with his snappy comeback that Fitch may have been an A.M. and an M.D., but he also was an A double SS. It had been presumably gleefully pointed out that his A.M. was awarded by the Burlington College.

Furthermore, Burlington's situation on the lake was dangerous from a military point of view. A state house there, it was alleged

several times in the debate, would be exposed to British cannon balls.

Burlington, moreover, was "Yorkish" in character. It was not typical of Vermont. To go to Burlington, said one representative, was like going out of the state. Whereupon the shades of Ethan Allen, Seth Warner and all the rest of the old west side idols rode again in the volume of fiery comebacks to that crack.

As to being on a spur track — if Montpelier was on a one-mile spur, Burlington was on a *six*-mile spur, so far as passengers coming from the north and east were concerned. Any view there might have been was shut off by the sand-hill railroad cut, through which they must pass. Furthermore, when they did arrive at the station they were still a mile or more from the proposed state house site.

As a central location, Burlington made a good northwest corner, or words to that effect, even from the standpoint of railroad travel. True, there was a loaded mileage table to the contrary, and it must have been good. Arranged for Burlington's benefit, it showed some towns 45 to 55 miles nearer the lake town than to Montpelier, even though the distance between Burlington and Montpelier was, as Mr. Merrill stated, only 40 miles.

Living was on a grander scale in Burlington, and so were the costs therefor. Hotels would be two dollars a day for meals and lodging, while in Montpelier one could do very nicely on $1.50 per day. Furthermore, legislators did not meet to see sights nor attend parties. To imitate the marble palaces of New York and Montreal would lead to disaster.

As to morals of Burlington, the case of someone having his pocket picked at the State Fair in that town was cited, and would that be any place to locate the capital?

One interesting argument which seemingly might have cut two or three ways held that locating the capital at Burlington would be unfair to Middlebury College because it would be favoring the University of Vermont. But Mr. Pierpont, the Senator from Addison County and a strong Burlington adherent, could stand for nothing of this sort: "As to any benefit to an institution of learning from having a state house in its vicinity, everyone knows that there are influences about a legislative body which no discreet father would wish to have his sons exposed to. I have sons and perhaps I shall send them to college, but the last place I would send them would be to a college near to a legislature."

That personalities should not have worked into such a contest could hardly be expected. They did. The Reverend Mr. Woodward of Westford, evidently an ardent temperance worker, seems to have started the ball rolling along this line. Having worked up from a more or less prosaic discussion of Montpelier's general failings as a place for the seat of government, he came to his favorite topic. Not only was Montpelier notorious as a place for flouting of the prohibition law, with one of its leading clergymen condoning the situation, it was so bad a place that the legislators ought not to be subjected to its temptations. "It has been argued," he said, "that at Burlington the legislature would be exposed to the fire of the British; here it is exposed to the fire of Hell." But he hastened to add that he held no rancor against the capital city!

J. Dorr Bradley, representing Brattleboro, strongly on Montpelier's side, deemed this the time to swing into action. "It seems hardly fair to me," he countered, "to lay all our sins to the door of the town where we assemble. I am not sure that we should behave better elsewhere. As a matter of fact the representative from Burlington and I had some brandy and water together, and the Senator from there has given me some gin. What is more it was an excellent article, and what is worst of all, he brought it from Burlington." This ought to have laid Mr. Woodward low, but he evidently was a man to whose mill everything was grist. However shocked he may have been by it in the first place, a day or two later he hurled it right back at Mr. Bradley's head. "I am authorized to state," said he, "by the Senator from Burlington, that Mr. Bradley asked him if he had any gin, and when he said he did that Mr. Bradley followed him into his room and didn't leave until every drop was gone." Mr. Bradley put a different face on this later, but doubtless the battle for the time was to Mr. Woodward, who thereupon took a few sideswipes at Representative Cheney from Barnard, simply because that gentleman had a ruddy countenance. The Barnard gentleman's speech was too long to go into here, but it was good, winding up with "I don't like the gentleman, at all."

Several of Mr. Cheney's contributions to the debate are of minor historical interest. Though on the Montpelier side, he was constrained to point out that Rutland ultimately would be the logical location for the capital because there would shortly be a railroad from White River Junction to Rutland! It was he also who referred to

the "Third House" meaning, of course, the paid lobbyists, Edmunds and Dillingham, which dates the use of this term farther back than I had supposed. Again it was he who, in conceding Mr. Edmunds' ability to make things seem what they were not, paid him the compliment of having made the legislature of 1855 believe that it would be cheaper to light the State House with gas than with oil. They were taken in on that score because they didn't know anything about gas, he contended, and Edmunds might fool them on this question, too, were it not that the issues were crystal clear. Which, at least, tells us they had already turned gas to lighting as well as oratorical purposes in the State House as early as 1855.

Somewhat amusing, perhaps, but not too glowing, was Dillingham's rejoinder to Edmunds' panegyric on the wonders of Burlington's lake scenery. Montpelier, he observed, had enough water for a man to drink or to drown himself in if he became melancholic. What more was wanted? Representative Hubbard of Stockbridge was possibly more convincing when he asked, relative to the fog question, "Is a little harmless fog the great reason why the Capitol should be removed, and would it be clearly out of the fog, if removed; and if the Capitol should be clear, is it quite certain the Legislature would be?" The answer apparently went without saying.

But perhaps the most scholarly presentation came from the Reverend Mr. Underwood, representative from Hardwick, albeit his first grounds of support might have been taken as a slightly left-handed compliment. Montpelier did not have so very much from the scenic standpoint, perhaps, but that was just why it was the place for a beautiful building. It would show off by contrast. It wouldn't do, he explained, to have a state house where there is scenery such as that from Danville or Lunenburg Heights overlooking the White Mountains. Why, even the Temple of Jerusalem itself would look inferior against such a setting.

If the coming of the railroads had shifted the center of travel elsewhere, that fact should have little weight, even if true, he argued. The railroads were new. (The Montpelier & Wells River, incidentally, had not been built at that time.) Maybe they had come to stay; maybe not. None of them were paying, he pointed out, and travel might revert to the old way after all. Odd as this argument seems now, it may not have been too unconvincing then, considering the financial struggles of the roads.

Entering into the discourse, too, was an encomium on the beauty and value of grass. This led up to a climax where it was shown that no place was better endowed with that great essential than Montpelier.

In both houses the engagement had started with the introduction of resolutions on the question of the removal of the capital from Montpelier. Friends of the town protested that such a vote would be unfair. If it were not to be Montpelier, it should be stated specifically where the seat of government should be. Otherwise partisans of all other proposed sites naturally would vote *en bloc* for removal. Finally an informal ballot was agreed upon in the Senate letting each member express his preference for location of the capital. Result: Montpelier 13; Burlington 11; Rutland 4; Middlebury 1. Then, as might have been expected, all but one of the Rutland and Middlebury boys threw in with Burlington. Second ballot: Burlington 15; Montpelier 13; Rutland 1. Lucky it was for Montpelier that the Senate did not have its way.

Down in the old Brick Church a preferential ballot of the House stood: Montpelier 102; Burlington 81; Rutland 27 — with a few scattering votes for other towns, including Bellows Falls, Island Pond, Bradford and Bolton. Rather surprisingly Burlington and Rutland didn't join up. After about 6 days of attack and counter attack, the final ballot stood Montpelier 138; Burlington 80, and the fight was over.

When this news was messaged up to the Senate, it was clear to that body that Burlington's case was hopeless and that contrary action by the upper body would only result in a stalemate carrying over into the next regular session. All except the die-hards changed over. Underwood of Chittenden and Field of Rutland, to the bitter end, proposed amendment after amendment to balk final action.

Running all through the debates had been the question of the financial contribution which each aspiring town was willing to pledge. Not only Burlington and Rutland, but Brandon, Middlebury and others made their bids. Montpelier naturally countered with the equivalent. It agreed, in fact, to provide the funds necessary to restore the building, and this provision was incorporated in the act with a considerable amount of bitter dissension as to bonding and method of making sure of the money. As a matter of fact, it appears that the amount finally paid by people of Montpelier and environs was around

$90,000.[2] The whole cost was about $150,000, far more than had been contemplated.

Thomas E. Powers of Woodstock, a representative who had supported Montpelier's side, was made superintendent of construction, and work began in the spring of 1857. Though the present building is of the same general design as its predecessor, each wing was extended 12½ feet, allowing for an additional window in each, and the main body, through from the portico, was deepened. With the erection of the new building clamor for removal of the capital died down, though it did not quite expire. In 1874 a bill for removal to Burlington was introduced, and again, as late as 1900, a bill was presented by Representative Hodges of Ripton pointed toward removal from Montpelier, the place to be recommended by a committee of one member from each county. This bill even received committee approval, but was defeated in the House. Introduced in the session of 1902 was a similar bill, but this was adversely reported and refused passage.

One of the really businesslike questions which had entered into the more lucid moments of debate related to the value of the ruins. But even on this, estimates of three contractors varied from $15,000 to about $60,000. On the one hand there was plenty of expert testimony to the effect that the walls, all of which the fire had left standing, would not need to be taken down. On the other hand there was equally well supported advice that every stone would have to be removed. Introduced in this connection was a statement by Carlos Bancroft averring that he had worked on construction of the second state house, was present at the fire and that when it was practically over had found by putting his hands on the outside of the walls that

2. The grand total paid by people of Montpelier and vicinity toward the rebuilding, according to these lists, was $94,083.22. Amounts subscribed ran all the way from four thousand down to ten dollars, but there were a surprisingly large number of high bracket contributions — those of from $1,000 to $3,000. The long roll of givers and the large amount raised, considering the times and the small size of the community, show better than anything else the seriousness of the residents' desire to have the State House in Montpelier. A driving force toward raising the big bulk of this money was the refusal of the Legislature in 1858 to appropriate anything for completing the partially built structure. The original list of subscriptions to the State House Rebuilding Fund, from which these figures are derived, is today in the custody of Mr. Arthur G. Eaton, President of the First National Bank of Montpelier.

they were not even warm. The walls, he testified, were constructed with 8 inches of stone on the outside and 2 feet of brick on the inside.

The general thought of those most familiar with the building seems to be that the walls were left standing, a natural assumption from the fact that a picture made directly after the fire shows them in perfect position. The report of construction superintendent Powers, however, clears the question definitely. They were completely removed with the exception of a very few stones on the back side. Not so with the portico. This, with its 6 Doric pillars is the identical structure as it was erected in 1834. The number 6 applies to them again in the fact that each is composed of 6 drums or blocks and that the bottom one is 6 feet through. The drums are so heavy, in fact, that setting up of the columns was delayed somewhat because, as a manuscript report in the archives points out, the contractor did not dare to try to haul them on wheels and was fearful also that the bridges would not hold up under them and he therefore waited for sledding. Delay was certainly better than building them of brick covered with stucco, which was at one time proposed.

If you stop to look at the columns next time you are at the State House you will note that there are seams in several of the lower drums where patching of some sort was done. Imperfect sections appear to have been cut out and replaced with new pieces of granite. This was the subject of another fight. Some of the repairing was done at the time of the rebuilding and was seized upon by ex-architect Silloway and his backers as a high crime and misdemeanor on Superintendent Powers' part. A patchwork job! It would have been better, contended the former, to have taken the pillars completely down and to have put in new, etc., etc. But, an imposing array of architectural authority held with Powers. You may get either or both sides from printed pamphlets in the Historical Society Library. One, upholding Powers' side, is revealingly entitled, *The State Capitol and Star Chamber*. The other, Silloway's Apologia, so-to-speak, is called *Statement of Facts Concerning Management of Affairs Connected with Rebuilding the Capitol at Montpelier*, by Thomas W. Silloway, Architect of the Building. But, if we may judge from the following out of the Star Chamber publication, the honors went to the superintendent, for it would appear that some of the patching had been done long before.

"If the committee," it said, "had been disposed to deal fairly with the superintendent, why did they not state what had been made most

palpable to them, viz.: that the columns were pieced and stood 20 years unnoticed and unknown until disclosed by the fire?"

Incidentally, your inspection will also reveal that there has been a considerable scaling off of granite from the surface of some of the lower drums. It has been suggested that this is the result of the fire. However, the bases would have been least exposed to heat. I am told by a geologist that this condition is common to most granite shafts which have been exposed to the weather, and is due in part to the action of rain on the gypsum.

Presumably this wrangling was a hold-over from the legislative fight. Silloway was a Boston architect who had assisted Ammi Young on the second state house. Employed by Superintendent Powers on this one, he came in for high praise in Mr. Powers' first report, 1857. In the next report, that of 1858, the situation was quite the reverse. Silloway had been superseded by Joseph Richards, another Boston architect. Charges and countercharges between the two and their supporters were thrown back and forth in print, and, one supposes, verbally throughout the rest of the building period. Among other things charged by Powers against Silloway, was that trusses built upon his designs were too weak to support the dome. New ones designed by Richards were used and they, at least, have stood the test. On the other hand, Silloway insisted that the metal in the iron columns in the main first floor lobby should be 3½ inches thick while Powers and Richards maintained that three fourths of an inch inside the fluting would be enough. You can drill a hole and see, but I gather that it was the 3½ inch ones which were used.

Much of this trouble was aired in hearings on the question of Powers' remuneration. It appeared that no set salary had been agreed upon, as had also been the case with Edgerton, superintendent of State House II. The former worked for about three years on faith. He finally was paid $4,500 but was apparently far from satisfied.

Nor was all this the sum total of bickering on the rebuilding. Again in the collection of documents which Mrs. Nye has brought together is a schedule of claims by the state in the case of the State vs. Andrews and Bennet, the contractors. These were some of the charges:

The stones of the walls were not suitably and sufficiently marked when being taken down. Unsuitable sand was used for the mortar. Affidavits show that yellow top-soil was mixed in, leaving stains and weakening the mortar. Walls were not properly secured with cramp irons. Walls were not well laid. Bricks were not laid up, but were

dumped from hods and mortar poured over them. Chimneys were not properly built and could not be used. Iron ceiling beams were not laid at same level so some rooms are higher than others. Curiously enough, however, with all these alleged dangerous shortcomings in the State House, there never has seemed to be any dearth of people willing to take a chance on going there, come election time.

A final word about subsequent additions and I am through.

In 1885 the annex on the west side was added. This was to house the Supreme Court and State Library. Just why granite of a different finish — or of no finish — was used, probably has puzzled many. In fact, reminiscent of the old-fashioned false shirt bosom, or dickey, there is no stone at all in the walls not exposed to view. Arthur Stone, in his "Vermont of To-day," refers to it as an architectural wart probably designed by a blacksmith. On looking up the report of the building committee in the House Journal of 1886, I find that the same men were in charge as in construction of the main building — Powers as superintendent and Richards as architect, but that only $30,000 was appropriated to do the job, and that, the committee indicated, was the real trouble.

The building including the Speaker's office in the rear was constructed in accordance with an act passed in 1898. At the same time, the same legislative session added to the capital city itself by annexing to it the adjoining part of Berlin across the river.

Few offices were located in the capitol, as all old residents of Montpelier know. Mason Stone once described his initial entry into the hall of state when he was made Superintendent of Education in the 90's. The act setting up his position provided that he should have an office in the State House. On the day his term commenced, he came up to look for his quarters. The building was locked up. Finally by inquiry he found the caretaker and told him he was ready to occupy his office. "Office? What do you mean, office; I haven't any room for another office and if I had I couldn't heat it." When Mason showed him the statute, he decided maybe he could find an office after all.

In 1913 and up until the so-called Supreme Court building was erected in 1918, only the offices of the Auditor, Adjutant General, a branch office of the Secretary of State, and possibly one or two others were in the building. Two or three other departments were located in the city elsewhere. But for the most part the offices were wherever the department head lived. The Secretary of State, then

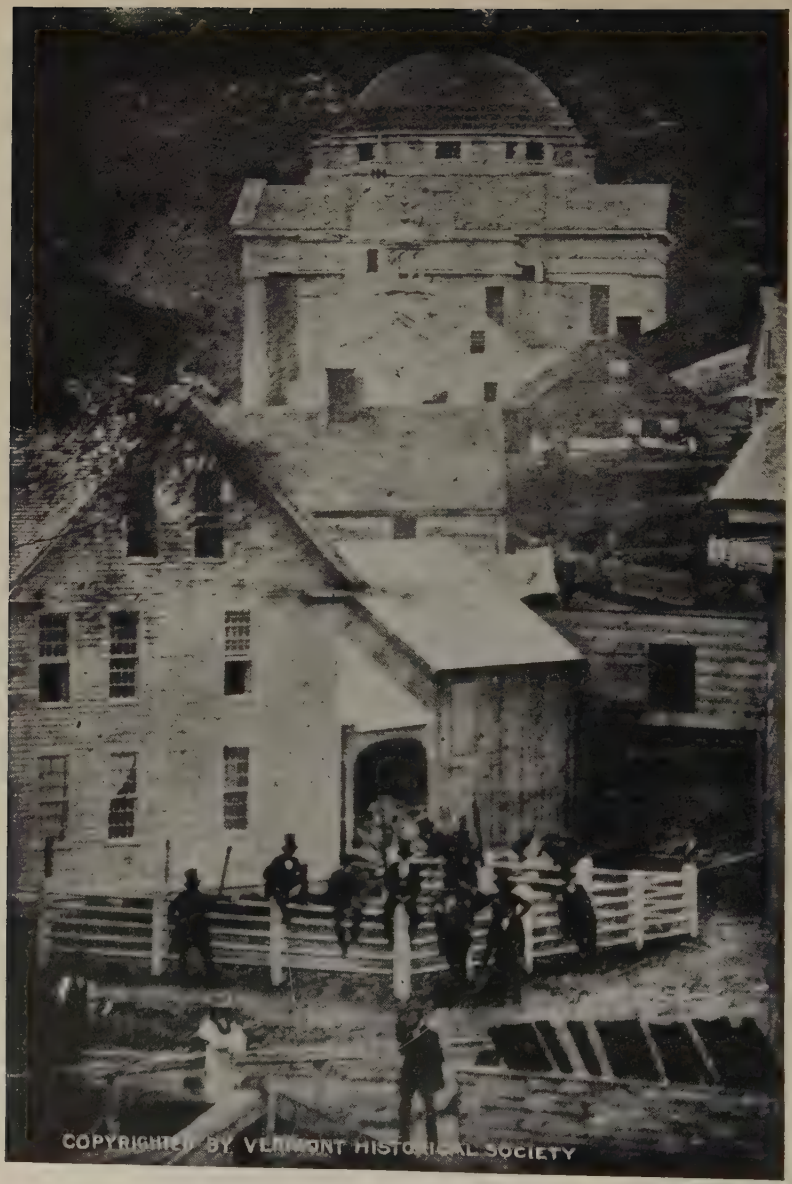
Guy Bailey, was at Essex Junction; the Commissioner of Agriculture, E. S. Brigham, at St. Albans; Commissioner of Taxes, Charles Plumley, at Northfield; Fish and Game Director John Titcomb, at Lyndonville, and so on. No governor made it a practice to stay regularly at Montpelier, except during legislative sessions, until the administration of Governor Redfield Proctor, 1923–25.

Upon the erection of the Supreme Court Building these offices were brought together, and promptly began to crowd one another. About 1925, the state bought the Old National Life Building, commonly designated the "red elephant." Later the Fifield house was purchased for the Motor Vehicle Department and the barn converted into offices for the Liquor Board. The Legislature has now voted an appropriation for a new state office building and owns the land for it on State Street. Actual construction awaits the end of the war.

We know on our own that our State House is a very fine building in a very fine setting, but if we could not trust our own judgments, the batteries of cameras and the acres of film used upon it by tourists in time when touring is, would be ample testimony. The old fights over the question of removal and relocation are gone, we trust, forever.

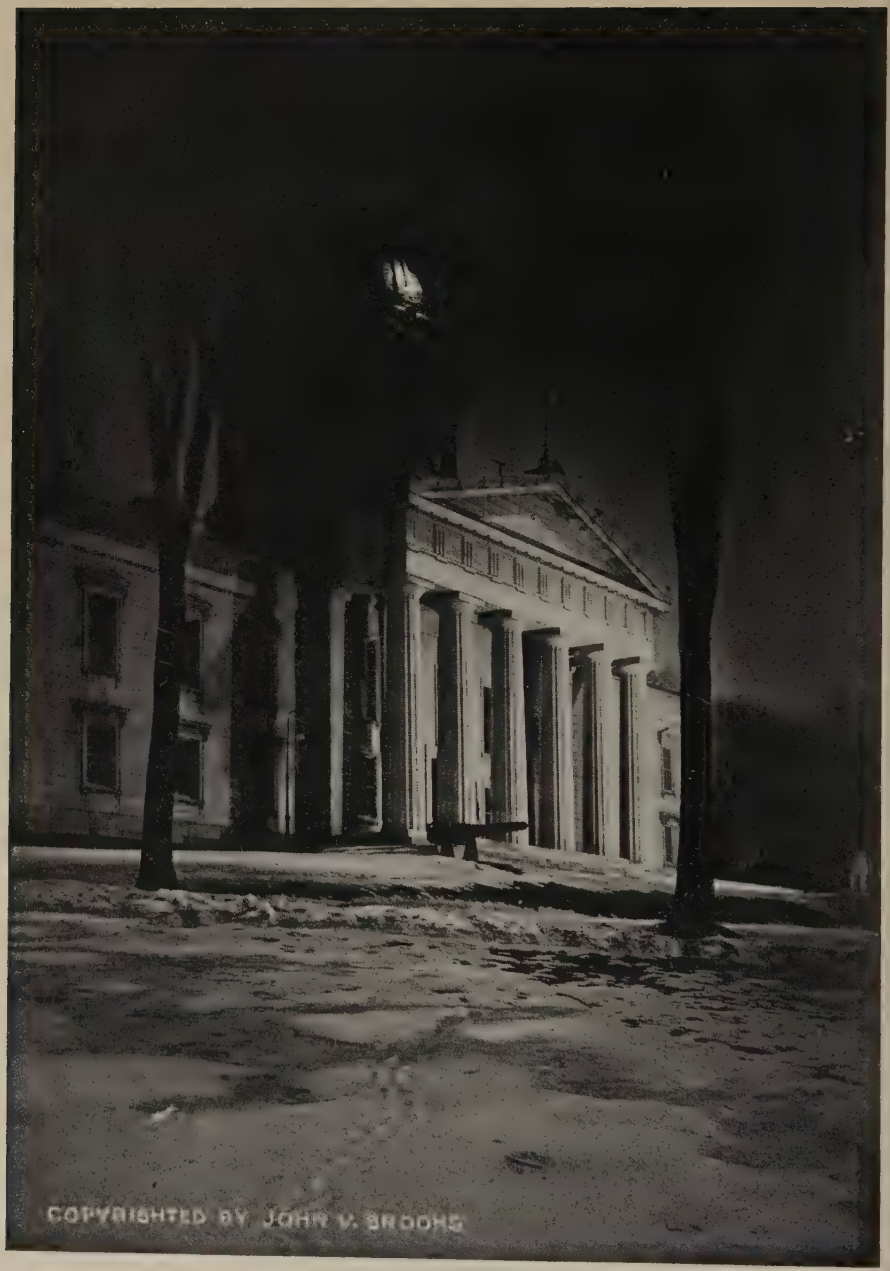
But — don't drop any matches around where they could start anything up at the State House. Burlington is still around.

Montpelier and the Second State House



Second State House
(*from an old daguerreotype*)

Ruins of Second State House



Third State House, at Night.

MIDDLEBURY SKETCHES

IV — "I'LL GO COURTING THIS ONCE"

By Robert Davis

YOU could have stunned me with a piece of confetti, when Lon Thompson, from the other side of the Covered Bridge, told me the tale of the courting of James Flynn. Our brave old Jamie going courting! It doesn't add up right. Jamie I have known, as youngish man, as middle-aged man, for the better part of thirty years. But never have such trivialities as womenkind and marriage bells been coupled with his name.

Which is not to say that our village has not often speculated as to why Jamie remained celibate. He is a warm man. As they say at grange and bank meetings, he will cut up nice. Gardener and greenhouseman, he has worked for the College for thirty-two years, never missing a day. He poisons himself with neither coffee, tobacco, nor spirits. He lives sparingly in his prim freehold cottage, putting his wages in the savings bank the third Saturday of each month. From his flowers and vegetables he has always had an agreeable outside income from the summer people. Certainly, his visible means of support have never been deficient.

Nor is anything out-of-plumb with Jamie himself. Many's the time I have stood to one side and admired him at work. A smallish, pinkish man, with delicate bones and a light step. Entirely noiseless on the sod and pathways, he moves among the birds, as they prospect for animal matter in the fresh-spaded earth, without alarming them into flight. He has a knack of the fingers and wrist that I have never seen duplicated by another. In a single motion, he can disengage a bedding plant from its pot, open an aperture in the soil, insert the plant into its new home and firm the earth around it. In that one quick motion, mind you. Nor does he ever encumber himself with supernumerous tools. Before you know it, he will have finished the bed, raked the border, and have tripped off to his next assignment.

Jamie and I often conversed in the evenings. Behind the garage

of my boarding place, there used to be a gap in his hedge, and three pickets gone from his fence. I call them conversations for euphony. I did the talking. On his side they were a series of silences, punctuated by grunts, nods, and non-committing syllables. He and I did not speak of things nearer than the Adirondacks which stood along the horizon; nor than what vegetables of the garden might be too cold or too dry; nor than the reason why the August rains were delayed; nor than what the ruddy visage of the sky might forecast. Our twilight colloquies in his garden were never more subjective than that. And certainly never anything to hint of past or present romance.

Jamie's older brother is the celebrated Archie Flynn, the big Chicago contractor. And a fine upstanding figure of a man he is, by all report, known across the continent as a builder of roads and bridges. It was under Archie's galvanic tongue that our local Vermont boards had pushed and pulled the contracts for hard surface highways in our northern counties to completion.

Archie Flynn had sent to his old home in Galway for the younger brother, who had been learning his trade as undergardener on a gentleman's property, and who was a godsend to our college which was just becoming conscious of the natural beauty of its hill-top situation.

In time Archie and Jamie bought the cottage, furnished it, and the fragile, rose-cheeked mother crossed the Western Ocean to join her sons at Middlebury. All three had the transparent complexion which the fogs of West Ireland seem to favor, and which a misguided Mother Nature occasionally wastes upon menfolk. Archie Flynn moved ahead to bigger jobs, to aqueducts and state capitols, to bridges over the Hudson River, and the like.

After a generation of tranquillity the birdlike little Flynn mother followed the path of all flesh. Jamie lived on, by himself, in the three-room cottage, now become a nest of verdure. No single foot of his land was unproductive. By this time the shrubbery and the hedge had been repeatedly thinned and cut back. Passers-by upon the sidewalk, if they wished to glimpse the massed glory of coloring within, must either stoop low or rise upon tip-toe. Regular as the Congregational clock in his comings and goings, Jamie lived alone, apparently content with what life and the College gave.

At this point, may I introduce a word as to Jamie's ruling characteristic. It was shyness, modesty, a reluctance to appear before the public eye. He was the victim of an almost incredible reticence. Even

today he is violently opposed to being the object of attention. It confuses and disturbs him. It baffles and frightens him. Keeping this in mind, one comprehends the effects of his courtship. Since it attracted a wholesale notice and especially as it made him the butt of a public hilarity, one understands that it was more distressing to him than the endurance of physical pain.

Does one admire the blooms in his greenhouse, he is undisguisedly pleased. But if one points to him, naming him as the producer of those floral beauties, he will wince, try to hide, run to fix the furnace. He feels himself no more than a pair of hands at the service of Mother Nature.

Out of this background, then, was evolved the love affair of my unsuspecting friend. Strictly speaking, it was no love affair at all. It was no more than a poor, half-hearted ghost, condemned by the evil-eye of the devil, that died aborning.

And after that single trial flight into romance, Jamie Flynn lapsed into the solitary respectability which we of this Middlebury generation have known. Yet he did, for an insensate hour, lend his ear to the whisperings of love. He once shared mankind's unquenchable desire for a mate to divide his bed and fireside.

His eye turned toward Quaker Village where the Wheldons, practicing members of that decorous sect, had a trio of daughters. Jamie had found delight in his mother's cooking. He let it be noised about that he could find beauty a-plenty among his roses. In a wife, it was not beauty that he sought, so much as genius in the combining of food for human consumption.

The Wheldons had a double claim to fame — the milk-fat production of their Guernseys, and the nobility of their victuals. As cooks there was small choice between the daughters of the house. The girls had the sort of noses that kindergarten children model from clay. But when they approached a cook-stove the very gods leaned from the windows of Olympus to waft them kisses.

Jamie staged his excursion into love with care. He rented a bicycle. He borrowed a beetle-back coat, with flowing tails, that had been designed for a wider and more extensive man. He had also a pair of crash garments, at that period known as bicycle pants. In their amplitude these brushed the tops of his patent leather pumps, and condemned his green stockings to a total black-out.

When Jamie arrived at the Wheldons the girls were at the stable, milking the Guernseys. Resting his weight upon one shiny pump, and

then upon the other, the suitor loitered in the barn doorway. The supper bell clanged hospitably.

The Quakers have a custom of which Jamie was ignorant. They give but a single invitation to share their bed and board. Once that single invitation has been refused they do not repeat it. Jamie was keen-set for food, but he expected to be urged, in the fulsome manner of the Celts.

"Wilt thee break bread with us?" asked Martha demurely. Jamie shook his head. He wanted to be teased. He wasn't. In the woodshed he remained alone, as the others entered the house. Within the kitchen chimed the maddening clink of plates and metal instruments. Jamie had bicycled ten miles and was ravenous. Forewarned of the Wheldon's bounty, he had eaten almost nothing at noon. Before his anguished eyes stood fourteen pails of foaming milk, soon to be transferred to the pump-house, there to be set for cream.

Right here the devil himself took a hand. The famishing suitor lifted a pail to his lips for a long, nourishing draught. Meanwhile the handle of the pail slipped insidiously downward, over the back of his neck. His head inside the pail, half-drowned, he fought as best a landsman could. But before he could win clear of the dingle-dangled thing, his shirt and the bicycle pants were sopping wet. Supper being over, the Wheldons came out and invited him to remain the night. The unnerved and humid Jamie, now more tongue-tied than ever, accepted on the instant.

The sleeping apartment which they gave him was upon ground level, its windows opening into a bouquet of lilac bushes. The night was balmy. The guest conceived the idea of allowing his shirt and bicycle pants to suspend outside to dry, with the window sash firmly closed to anchor them in place.

On many a Vermont farmstead the dwelling is enclosed within a picket fence. It is, moreover, convenient for the dairymen to turn the weanling calves into the home enclosure at night. The Wheldons had about thirty calves. Drawn by the maternal smell, they settled to serious work upon Jamie's bicycle pants and shirt about midnight.

With the first ray of daylight Jamie raised the window. Aside from the waistband and the cuffs, which the sash had protected, the bicycle pants and the shirt had disappeared. He who had come courting, now made a capital error. Instead of taking refuge behind the door, and borrowing clothes from the Wheldon menfolk, he made a desperate dash for safety. Whatever the cost, he felt that he must

leave that place. In his frenzied modesty he was wilder than a wild animal. Lacking other covering he buttoned the waistband of the bicycle pants around him, pulled on the cuffs of his shirt, leaped from the window and made a break for Middlebury, six miles distant.

Many who profess to have witnessed Jamie's return are falsifiers. All of them couldn't have been there. The road to Quaker Village would have been blocked solid with pedestrians at five o'clock of that October morning. But a good many did see him. There seems no question but that the green stockings were unconcealed, and that the tails of the beetle coat flapped out rapturously behind.

Upon a sensitive soul like Jamie the effect was to be foreseen. Instead of brazening it out with a hearty laugh he retreated still further into his shell. When he came down street to the store, whoops of laughter and ribald questionings greeted him. His courting had been the most poignantly terrible nightmare of his life. Never again would be lay himself open to a similar derision. And he never did.

Lon Thompson, as I have said, told me this story of my friend's love affair. Having heard it, I couldn't seem to forget it. It was so cruelly unfair. It was dead wrong that the foursquare little chap should be made miserable, just because he had endeavored to enter what is the basic relationship of mankind. It bothered me a lot just as a matter of fundamental justice.

I know and like the Wheldons. After the passage of years Martha was now all alone in the brick house. The others were married, or in the Weybridge graveyard. The lemon-and-white Guernseys were still going strong, farmed out on shares. The hundred acres of river bottom were still limed and weedless, under Martha's vigilant supervision. Her nose was less like a hickory nut. Her mouth showed her even white teeth when her lips parted in laughter, which was often, and they were her own teeth. One Sunday I went down there, invited myself to dinner, and had a wonderful frank talk with her. You could talk to her like to a man. We almost kissed when I left.

A fortnight later, our College gave the employees a holiday to attend the final football game of the season. As usual, during his leisure time, I knew that Jamie would be puttering around his place. Opening the gate, I tip-toed down the path alone, carrying the basket carefully, so that the gravy wouldn't spill. Martha waited outside in my car. Flushed like she was, with excitement, and in her starched dimity dress, she was an armful of wholesomeness and good-cheer,

worthy any man's attention. She had ripened better than most farm girls.

"Jamie," I began, when I found him in the tool house, "lately I got to hear of the time you went courting." He bridled, in his cock-sparrow way, as though he were going to order me off his land. But I hurried on. "Once is enough for a proud man to go after a woman," I said. "You did well not to repeat it. After that, let the woman choose you. But it went wrong because of an accident. It wasn't Martha's fault. You know it wasn't. You never gave her a chance to say no. She wouldn't have said no then. She wouldn't say no now."

Not minding his frown I plowed ahead. "I'm going to help her to say yes, here and now. Her answer is in this basket. Listen, Jamie Flynn, don't be a fool and don't jump until you're hit. That girl Martha is just as sound today as she ever was. She has a more valuable farm. And today she's a better cook than she was sixteen years ago. Why should Martha stay alone just because the handle of a pail fell over your neck? Answer me that, like an honest man.

"Today is a holiday, Jamie, and let's us make it one. I want you to make a fire, a grand fire. Not to heat stuff out of cans like you always eat, but to heat this young turkey, and these scalloped oysters, and these Parker House rolls, and these three kinds of pie. Let's us wake up and listen to the song of the birds. Maybe you are missing a lot. Lift up that napkin and smell what's in this basket. And while you get the fire going, I'm going out to bring in Martha, who's waiting in my car, outside the front gate. And mind you give her the right kind of a welcome." The little cuss squared his shoulders and did it. You can always trust an Irishman in an emotional crisis.

Jamie slapped the loose earth from his hands without a word and walked toward the shed where the kindling is stacked. His arms full of wood, he met Martha and me and kissed her square on the mouth. The both of them had a look like sunrise over Moose Mountain.

Of course I excused myself before they got to the pie. I know when three gets to be a crowd. But they gave me a whole mince pie to take home to my Sarah. It's good policy, now and again, to give these beginner cooks a mark to shoot at. For three years now, Sally and I have been at Jamie's and Martha's for dinner, on their wedding anniversary.

NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

COLONEL MATTHEW LYON

BIOGRAPHICAL AND GENEALOGICAL NOTES

By Loyal Stephen Fox

Colonel Matthew Lyon (1750–1822): pioneer, soldier in the American Revolution, founder of Fair Haven, Vermont and Eddyville, Kentucky, industrialist, legislator, U.S. Representative from Vermont and from Kentucky.

The first biography of Colonel Matthew Lyon was that of J. Fairfax McLoughlin (1900). The following notes bear references (enclosures in parentheses) to the pages of that work. A later, and somewhat less detailed account of Lyon's life is to be found in Tom W. Campbell's Two Fighters and Two Fines *(1941) which draws a parallel between Lyon and Andrew Jackson. An excellent brief biography is included in the House Document No. 825 (1942) by William P. Kennedy, which was printed pursuant to a resolution of Charles A. Plumley, U.S. Representative from Vermont.*

The notes which follow are the fruit of research into the affairs of Matthew Lyon, and consist of information which does not appear in the biographies; thus supplementing these works and affording the student of Lyon's activities a more complete history.

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(64) The Little Old Red Store in the Hollow at Woodbury, Conn. still stands, as does the Jabez Bacon homestead next door to it. The store has been converted into a residence. Both places are now private homes.

(70) Lyon's first wife was Mary Hosford, daughter of Samuel Hosford, a descendant of one of the first settlers of Litchfield, Conn. As to Mary Hosford being a niece of Ethan Allen, the facts are that Mary's mother, before her marriage to Samuel Hosford, had been the widow of Daniel Allen, a nephew of Ethan Allen. Quite likely,

as is frequently the case with such relationships, Mary called him "Uncle Ethan," and perhaps she was a favorite "niece."[1]

(70) Lyon evidently at first intended to establish a home in Cornwall, Conn., for he bought a hundred acres of land in the south part of that town in 1772. However, in February, 1773, there was a drawing held in Salisbury, Conn. for lots in Wallingford in the New Hampshire Grants; not a lottery, merely that the locations were assigned by drawing. Lyon paid in his share and drew his lots. Next month he sold his hundred acres in Cornwall, and it is reported that he made a profit on the deal, his first transaction in realty.[2]

(114) After Ethan Allen's famous demand for the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," it is told that Matthew Lyon, "the ebullient Irish-Yankee who later became a national character, felt that something special was needed to mark the day. Fetching a bucket of powder from the magazine, he poured it down the gullet of Old Sow, a thirteen-inch mortar — and let her go. It was a blast so mighty, legend has it, that the fort fairly rocked, and five patriots, snoozing dead drunk (after tapping the fort's store of rum) were immediately revived and were able to finish the day on their feet, much to the credit of the Green Mountain Boys."[3]

(119–130) Thomas Chittenden had settled at Williston where in the spring of 1776 there were about forty families on the river and lake shore. A small block-house at Jericho, on the opposite side of the river below Chittenden's, had been flung up and garrisoned; but as our troops fell back from Canada, they became alarmed at their situation and the garrison abandoned their fortification, leaving the defenseless inhabitants without any protection. Chittenden and his wife and ten children went on foot by marked trees to Castleton, carrying their provisions and effects on two horses, except their heavy articles of ironware which they sunk in the duck pond. Most of the other families did likewise, but some, such as Deacon Azariah Rood, refused to leave, and these made a plea to Gen. Gates for protection.

As a result, the militia company of Rutland were gathered together and paraded before the log meeting house to see if any would volunteer to join the company of Jonathan Fassett. It was agreed that the man who could procure the most volunteers should receive a

1. Hosford, *Ye Horseford Booke.*
2. Thorpe, *History of Wallingford,* and Hinman, *Historical Collections.*
3. Holbrook, *Ethan Allen,* 15.

commission as second lieutenant. Thomas Lee tried and immediately recruited some fifteen or twenty men and so was appointed to this commission. Providing themselves with ten days' provisions and with no change of clothing, Lee and his men left home for Jericho, with the expectation of removing those families who still remained there.

Upon the arrival of Lee, Deacon Azariah Rood, fully appreciating the benefits of living at home and being well protected by soldiers, in preference to being removed among strangers, however friendly — slyly departed for Ticonderoga and there obtained from Gen. Gates orders not only for Lee to remain where he was, but also for additional companies, including Lyon's, to be sent to Jericho. In obedience to this order Lee remained at Jericho about five weeks; his men meanwhile managing as best they could with only one suit of clothes apiece. On the arrival of the additional troops, Lee and his men obtained a furlough and returned home to refresh themselves and their wardrobes.

Lyon's men, feeling that they had been dealt with unfairly, became insubordinate, left Jericho, intending to retire to another blockhouse at New Haven. Meanwhile, Lee and his men — their furlough about expiring — had started from Rutland and arrived at Brandon, on their return to Jericho, when news of the desertion reached them. Lee, sending on his men, immediately crossed over to Ticonderoga to inform Gen. Gates of the affair. Gates had already heard of it and had sent a major with a corps of riflemen to intercept the fugitives and bring them to Ticonderoga. At Middlebury the riflemen met Lee's men, and a difficulty arose immediately. The major's orders were to take the Fassetts and all their men. Lee's men replied through their sergeants that they had done no wrong and would not give up their arms or surrender as prisoners to any power on earth; they should encamp where they were, as they had intended to, but if the riflemen would go on that night they would follow them the next morning, and to this the major — seeing there was no other way without a fight — consented.

The Fassetts, Lyon and men were taken near New Haven and carried to Ticonderoga. Here their swords were taken by the officers, and all were thrown into the guard house. Lee obtained authority to release all whom he knew to be innocent, and the rest were to be court-martialed. The facts having been elicited by investigation, the sentence liberated all the soldiers and not only deprived the officers

of their commissions, but rendered them ineligible to a reappointment in the Continental service. The latter part of the sentence of the officers, Gates took off, saying, "that if anybody was a d—d fool enough to appoint such cowards, they might." The next year Gen. St. Clair as commander of the Northern Department reversed the sentences of the officers.[4]

(135, 499) McLoughlin says Lyon "led a detachment of Green Mountain Boys into the fight at Hubbardton." There is, however, no evidence that Lyon actually took part in this battle. His name is not included in any of the lists of those who participated. Furthermore, since by his own testimony he did take part in the capture of Ticonderoga and in the battles of Bennington and of Saratoga, it seems unlikely that he would have omitted Hubbardton had he also been there. Later he said, "I was in my station of Adjutant in the retreat from Ticonderoga in 1777, and on account of the services I rendered the army in that difficult retreat, the Generals . . . procured for me an appointment," etc. This, however, will be clarified when interpreted to mean, "I was an Adjutant at the time of the retreat," etc. and by understanding that the reference to the services rendered refers only to events which occurred subsequent to the battle of Hubbardton. It would seem most likely that Lyon, upon leaving Windsor, proceeded to Wallingford; there arranged for the evacuation of his family, and then set out to join Warner.

(176–178) In connection with the Haldimand intrigue these quotations are of interest:

May 25, 1780, Ira Allen told the British agent, Justus Sherwood, "Should General Haldimand find it absolutely necessary to send a private express to Vermont, Colonel Allen desires it may be by a man of trust who may be directed to make himself known either to Governor Chittenden, Colonel Allen or General Allen, or to one of the following gentlemen; Colonel Brownson, Dr. Fay, Judge Fassett or Capt. Lyon."

Spies sent by the British to follow Ira Allen sent back this report: "(June) A and B say that as soon as Colonel Allen returned, a select body of the Council was convened at Arlington consisting of twelve men; they sat three days, at the expiration of which General Allen was dispatched to Connecticut and Massachusetts. Colonel Allen's report was kept so profound a secret that no man of the

4. *Vermont Historical Gazetteer.*

king's friends nor of the rebels of high or low degree could come to the knowledge of a syllable of it from the Council, except a few words dropped from Capt. Lyon to the following purport, viz.: Vermont would never make up the Tories' losses, and if they could not settle with General Haldimand pretty much on their own terms, they would baffle him with flags and prolong the time till they were better able to oppose him."[5]

(192) The year given for Mary Lyon's death is an error. She is buried in the churchyard of St. James Episcopal Church at Arlington, Vt., and her final resting place bears this inscription:

IN MEMORY OF

Mrs. Mary Lyon the amiable consort
of Colonel Matthew Lyon who died in
Arlington April the 29 in A D 1784
Aged 32 years & 6 Months
Ah Shes gone Shes took her flight
Beyond this Hemiſphere of night
Gone to enjoy her Christ above
In the eternal world of love

(195) The legislature, meeting at Manchester on October 27, 1779, granted a petition for an act of incorporation for the town of Fair Haven, with Lyon named as one of the original proprietors. The following year, after the town was surveyed, Lyon presumably visited there, for he bought three hundred acres of land surrounding the falls of the Castleton River, and the next year he added to this an adjoining one hundred and five acres. On April 26, 1782, Governor Chittenden signed the charter for the town. Grants were made in consideration of £6930, continental currency, to seventy-six persons, including Chittenden and his wife, to Ira Allen, and to Matthew Lyon. Each proprietor was required "to plant and cultivate ten acres of land and build a house at least eighteen feet square on the floor, and have one family settled within five years after the circumstances of the present war between Great Britain and America will admit of a settlement with safety."[6]

5. *Collections*, Vermont Historical Society, II, 136, 137.
6. Adams, *History of the Town of Fair Haven, Vermont.*

(195) There are two falls on the Castleton River at Fair Haven, one of twenty feet and the other of forty feet. Lyon, realizing the potential value of the water power here available, had purchased the land surrounding these falls. He made a deal to give Silas Safford eighty acres of land as a premium to go to Fair Haven with his family and board the men whom Lyon intended to employ in building his mills. Safford agreed and took in his wife's brother, Ager Hawley, a millwright, as a partner with a one-third interest. Safford built a log house near the river where he and his wife boarded up to twenty-five men. Safford and Hawley built a gristmill, a sawmill and a bridge. Hawley, in building the gristmill, fell on the frozen water wheel while attempting to cut away the ice, and was so severely injured that he died some months later. His widow received for her interest the use of the mill for two days out of every seven. Her fourteen year old son acted as miller, and it is said that the customers generally patronized him in preference to Lyon's employee. We may well believe that Lyon, himself, promoted this preference.[7]

Lyon established a blast furnace, iron foundry, and wrought iron works at Fair Haven. It is the opinion of Mr. George C. Foote, Vice President of the Witherbee Sherman Corporation, Port Henry, N.Y. that Lyon obtained the iron ore from the Cheever mine about two miles north of Port Henry. Mr. Zenas H. Ellis states that the ore was brought across the ice over Lake Champlain.

In Fair Haven, one Richard Beddow, who had been a soldier in Burgoyne's army, but deserted or was taken prisoner and never returned, was a blacksmith and nailer and worked at making nails at a shop on his farm. Lyon supplied the nail rods; each family returned its output of finished nails to him, and was paid accordingly.[8]

In 1786, David Erwin, then a young man of about twenty, came to Fair Haven from New Jersey. He was an Englishman by birth, and in the beginning of the Revolution had fought under the British flag. He was on board a man-of-war when, with some others, he had been sent ashore for the purpose of getting some wood. For some reason, which may only be conjectured, he stopped longer than the rest, and the ship sailed away without him. He could never endure the idea of being called a deserter. After some days he was picked up by an American vessel; afterwards he enlisted and fought like a good soldier for the rights of an American citizen. Being a nailer by trade,

7. *Ibid.*

8. *Vermont Historical Gazetteer.*

he was directed to Lyon for employment. He was hired as a "blower and striker" in the shop where Lyon's chief workman was making axes. He pretended not to be skillful, and so was called "Lyon's fool." After a little while, when engaged in "striking" with his boss, he asked, "Why not strike there? — and again, there?" The boss, becoming impatient at the fool's impudence, as he regarded it, told Erwin to go ahead and make the axe himself, as long as he knew so much; and Erwin said he would try it. In a very short time he turned out a much better axe than any the shop had ever before produced. The boss threw off his apron, put on his coat, and walked out, calling on Lyon to settle up, because the "fool" had outwitted him and he was through. Erwin became Lyon's foremost workman and the efficient superintendent of the slitting mill, and was nicknamed "General" on account of his superior work. He remained with Lyon as long as he lived.[9]

In Haswell's "Vermont Gazette," October 6, 1788, an advertisement of Lyon's describes various items of ironware he was making, and that he was getting ready to manufacture hollow-ware and pig iron. There can be no doubt that the first forge and blast furnace in Vermont was established by Matthew Lyon at Fair Haven.[10]

(24, 80) In 1793, Lyon started his printing office in one part of his paper mill building, and commenced the publication of the *Farmers' Library*, a small sized newspaper; the editorial management being divided between himself and his son, James. The masthead carried the slogan, "The freedom of the people cannot be supported without knowledge and industry."[11]

(205) In 1797 one writer stated, "Fair Haven is the most flourishing manufacturing town in the State; it owes its consequence to its founder, Colonel Lyon, whose enterprise and perseverance in promoting and carrying on manufactories has been of infinite utility to the public. He has erected a furnace for casting all kinds of hollow iron ware, and two forges; a slitting mill for the making of nail rods, a paper mill, a printing press, and corn and saw mills. It is a curious fact that Colonel Lyon has executed a good deal of printing at his office on paper manufactured by himself of the bark of the bass wood

9. Adams, *op. cit.*
10. Spargo, *Iron Mining and Smelting in Bennington, Vermont.*
11. Adams, *op. cit.*

tree and which is found to answer every purpose for common printing.

"His knowledge of finances and the situation of the country is scarcely to be equalled, nor does his integrity ever suffer him to lose sight of the real good of the people. His friendship and generosity are as great as his ambition."[12]

(204) In 1791, Lyon first ran for Congress as "the representative of the commercial, agricultural, and manufacturing interests, in preference to any of their law characters."[13]

(24, 80) An interesting picture of the political adventures of these times is found in the difficulties of Joel Hamilton, one of the first settlers of Fair Haven, for many years constable and deputy sheriff. He was a man of strong purposes and passions, a Federalist, and an open and determined antagonist of Lyon, with whom he seemed to be in almost constant controversy. In 1793, William Hennessy, a warm political friend of Lyon's, engaged while intoxicated in an angry political discussion with Hamilton, assaulted him, and put him out of doors. The following year Hamilton brought suit against Hennessy for damages of £150. Hennessy claimed Hamilton had started the fight, and the court awarded Hamilton £1 4s.

In November of 1793, Lyon called on Hamilton to answer in the County Court to the charge that, "Lyon, the plaintiff, was chosen candidate at Fair Haven in March, 1791, and sought to discharge his duties as a person of good repute and credit, free of deceit, fraud or falsity," yet the defendant "maliciously intending to hurt and injure his good name and reputation, and to cause him to be esteemed as a person perjured and forsworn, and who had acted corruptly in his office," did of the 17th of June, 1793, at Rutland, in the *Farmers' Library*, Vol. 1, No. 12, "falsely and maliciously devise, speak, tell, print and publish divers false, scandalous and horrible lies of and concerning said plaintiff." The substance of the falsehood was that Hamilton, who presided at the town meeting in September, 1791, "complained and charged Lyon with being very officious at that meeting in procuring votes for himself for a member of Congress; even from New York causing persons to be admitted to the freemen's oath who had not been in the State a week; that Lyon wrote a letter to the commanding officer of a military camp in the State of New

12. Graham, *A Descriptive Sketch of the Present State of Vermont.*
13. Adams, *op. cit.*

York, who had his men embodied on that day, soliciting him to dismiss his company, that they might come to Fair Haven and vote; that Lyon made use of threats, etc., to terrify him (Hamilton) to perjure himself by aiding him in his wicked designs," making out false returns, etc. Lyon charges that these accusations injured his reputation so that some of his neighbors refused to have any common acquaintance or discourse with him, and demands damages of $2000. The court awarded him 20 shillings.[14]

Lyon a Freemason. The records of North Star Lodge, F. and A. M., Manchester, Vermont, show that Thomas Chittenden and Matthew Lyon were "Crafted" on June 30, 1786. Although Chittenden is recorded as having been "Initiated" in Vermont Lodge No. 1, at Charlestown, New Hampshire, June 26, 1782, no record has so far been uncovered to show where or when Lyon first became a member of the Masonic fraternity. There was printed in Fair Haven at the press of James Lyon, in 1796, an address delivered by Matthew Lyon at Aurora Lodge at Hampton, New York, June 24, 1796. This sixteen page pamphlet states that a committee was appointed "to return the Thanks of this Body to Brother Lyon for his address delivered this day to this Lodge; and that he be requested to favor them with a copy thereof, to be printed."[15]

When Lyon's remains were transferred from Spadra Bluff, Ark. to Eddyville, Ky., they were reinterred "with Masonic honors."[16]

(214) On July 17, 1797, Lyon left Philadelphia for home following the adjournment of Congress. During his absence Porcupine said, "We have the authority to say that Mr. Lyon, of Vermont, during the late session of Congress sent nearly 200 letters weekly to his constituents, each covering one of Bache's (Democratic) papers, and vilifying our Government. Surely, this is using, if not abusing, the privilege of franking letters. Mr. Bache, no doubt, can afford to *give away* papers in so good a cause.

"This is the redoubtable hero who, a few years before, was sold for his passage from Ireland, and who, for his cowardice in the American war, was condemned by General Gates to wear a *wooden sword*."[17]

14. *Ibid.*
15. Personal correspondence with Mr. John Spargo.
16. Roe, *Aunt Leanna.* 17. *Porcupine's Gazette*, Aug. 1, 1797.

(300) After the famous Lyon-Griswold spitting episode, Lyon wrote to his constituents in Vermont, "Perhaps some will say I did not take the right method with him. We do not always possess the power of judging calmly what is the best mode of resenting an unpardonable insult. Had I borne it patiently I should have been bandied about in all the newspapers on the Continent which are supported by British money and Federal patronage, as a mean poltroon. The district which sent me would have been scandalized."[18]

(327) "The Scourge of Aristocracy and Repository of Important Political Truth." This paper of thirty-six pages had a subscription price of three dollars a year, and was nominally edited by the Colonel's son, James, although the father's contributions were the leading feature. The salutatory begins thus:

"The public utility of such a publication in a free government, even in a time of tranquillity, is so universally acknowledged by Republicans, that there needs no argument to prove it." It then proceeds to discuss the value of truth "at this agitated and awful crisis, when everything is industrially circulated, which can corrupt or mislead the public sentiment, and prepare the American mind for a state of abject slavery, and degrading subjection to a set of assuming High Mightinesses in our own country, and a close connection with a corrupt, tottering monarchy in Europe, which has long been intolerable to every man whose breast contains the smallest spark of *amor patriae*. When every aristocratic hireling, from the English Porcupine, the summit of falsehood, detraction and calumny, in Philadelphia, down to the dirty Hedghogs and grovelling animals of his race, in this and the neighboring States, are vomiting forth columns of lies, malignant abuse and deception, the Scourge will be devoted to politics, and shall commemorate the writings, essays and speeches of the ablest tongues and pens, in the Republican interest. Its great object shall be to oppose truth to falsehood, and to lay before the public such facts as may tend to elucidate the real situation of this country."

"NATURE has left this Tincture in the Blood,
That all Men would be TYRANTS if they cou'd —
If they forbear their neighbors to devour,
'Tis not for want of WILL, but want of POWER."
DeFoe's *Jure Divino*

18. Adams, *op. cit.*

(345) The following is taken from Newspaper accounts of Lyon's trial for violation of the Sedition Law:

"The defendant stated his defense to consist of three points. 1. The court had no jurisdiction of the offense, the act of Congress being unconstitutional and void; and if not so generally, at least as to the writings composed before its passage. 2. That the publication was innocent. 3. That the contents were true.

"On the first two points he offered no testimony, but on the third he proposed to call Judge Paterson and Judge Israel Smith. Judge Paterson was then asked by Lyon whether he had not frequently 'dined with the President, and observed his ridiculous pomp and parade?' Judge Paterson replied that he had sometimes, though rarely dined with the President, but that he had never seen any pomp or parade; he had seen, on the contrary, a great deal of plainness and simplicity. Lyon then asked whether he had not seen at the President's more pomp and servants there, than at the tavern at Rutland? The Judge made no reply but smoked a cigar. Lyon evidently expected none.

"Charles Marsh (U.S. Attorney) addressed the jury at length, urging (1) the libellous nature of the offensive passages which were clearly within the act of Congress, and (2) the declared intentions with which they had been used by the defendant, which expressly came up to innuendoes. Judge Smith, who then appeared as counsel, declined to reply, because of the shortness of time allowed him for preparation. The defendant addressed the jury at great length, insisting on the unconstitutionality of the law, and the insufficiency of evidence to show anything more than a legitimate opposition."[19]

(348) While Lyon was in jail, some of his friends in Fair Haven set out to exact retribution from that "young lawyer, who followed him to Middletown to insult him," and who testified against him. This young lawyer was John Cook, of Poultney, who had been appointed a justice of the peace by the Legislature, in opposition to the almost unanimous voice of the town. Impelled by the excitement of the times and instigated also by Lyon's wife, who furnished powder, a number of Lyon's friends undertook to undermine and blow up Cook's office one night, but he getting intelligence of the plot was able to frustrate it. However, later his office was broken into, and his

19. New York *Spectator*, Oct. 24, 1798.
Philadelphia *Aurora*, Nov. 15, 1798.

papers destroyed or dispersed. He brought suit to recover damages sustained in these depredations on his property; naming, among others, two employees of Lyon's printing office. The outcome is not stated.[20]

The following is quoted from a speech made by John Randolph in Charlotte Court House, Virginia:

"At this moment, while I am addressing you, men of Charlotte, with the free air of heaven fanning my locks — and God knows how long I shall be permitted to enjoy that blessing — a representative of the people of Vermont — Matthew Lyon is his name — lies immured in a dungeon, not six feet square, where he has dragged out the miserable hours of a protracted winter for daring to violate the royal maxim that the King can do no wrong. This was his only crime. He told his people, and caused it to be printed for their information, that the President, rejecting men of age, experience, wisdom, and independency of sentiment, appointed those who had no other merit but devotion to their master, and he intimated that the 'President was fond of ridiculous pomp, idle parade, and selfish avarice.' I speak the language of the indictment. I give in technical and official words the high crime of which he was charged. He pleaded justification — and offered to prove the truth of his allegations.

"But the court would allow no time to procure witnesses or counsel; he was hurried into trial all unprepared; and this representative of the people, for speaking the truth of those in authority, was arraigned like a felon, condemned, fined and imprisoned."[21]

(375–376) While still in prison, casting about for some means of raising cash quickly, wherewith to pay his fine of $1000, Lyon learned of a lottery. For $500, probably in the form of a promissory note, he purchased from John Wood, of Rutland, the grant or charter for this lottery. He employed a friend, Major Elias Buel, to manage this enterprise, and his son, James, to be the clerk. The first prize, of $1500 value, would be his "farm in West Haven, about 5 miles from Whitehall on East Bay, containing about 500 acres." The second prize, valued at $1000, "to be paid in a house and farm of good land and conveniences on the main road in Fair Haven." In addition there would be "fifty $10 and $6 prizes to be paid ½ in

20. Adams, *op. cit.* and *Porcupine's Gazette*, Nov. 1798.
21. Garland, *Life of Randolph.*

cash and ½ in books, at cash prices, at the book store in Fair Haven where the lottery is to be drawn, and where James Lyon is said to keep a complete assortment, and choice of books will be given."[22]

Anthony Haswell printed in his *Vermont Gazette* an advertisement of Lyon's lottery. It was addressed to "the enemies of political persecutions in the western district of Vermont." It asserted that Lyon "is holden by the oppressive hand of usurped power in a loathsome prison, deprived almost of the right of reason, and suffering all the indignities which can be heaped upon him by a hard-hearted savage, who has, to the disgrace of Federalism, been elevated to a station where he can satiate his barbarity on the misery of his victims."[23]

This lottery seems not to have fared well. Sometime before 1805, Lyon wrote to Judge James Witherell at Fair Haven to say that it would not be convenient for him to come to Vermont at that time, and he asks the Judge to "acquaint yourself with the situation of the lottery business, see how many there are who claim payment or are uneasy. I want much to get this business settled in a way that cannot be said to be injurious to my reputation; and not being able, as I contemplated, to go and finish the drawing of the lottery makes me reflect again whether it is not best to buy in the two dollar prizes, and the two and three dollar tickets that are out, for value received."

Writing to the Judge again in January, 1805, he says he has sent money to Boston to buy up those lottery tickets which James sold there, and there are tickets yet at Baltimore; he "has not had time to look over last year's packet, and dreads to do it — wishes he could have a more pleasant account of the business."[24]

(412) The idea of emigration to the western frontier met with much opposition from Lyon's family and friends, but with a great deal of persuasion he induced some of his children to engage with him in the undertaking. He set out from Fair Haven in September, 1799, together with his son, James, and his daughter, Loraine, then a girl of seventeen, whom he took along as his housekeeper; accompanied by some mechanics and artisans; three families altogether.[25] Neither his daughter, Anne, and her husband, John Messenger; nor his daughter, Pamelia, and her husband, Dr. George Caldwell, left

22. Adams, *op. cit.*
23. Spargo, *Anthony Haswell.*
24. Adams, *op. cit.* and *Vermont Historical Gazetteer,* III, 698.
25. Roe, *op. cit.*

at that time; for Lyon wrote to Messenger, who was then living in Jericho, Vt., September 4, 1799, "Sorry you could not get away this fall. Had hoped to have Pamelia go." On January 13, 1800, Loraine wrote back to her sister, Anne, "Our journey was very tiresome, but that was nothing to the dirty Dutch taverns."[26]

When Lyon had again returned to Fair Haven, and his family and friends had heard his enthusiastic report of the new country in Kentucky they were eager to go there. But some had not the means to defray the expenses of such a journey; therefore he proposed that he would take as many mechanics with their families as would go with him, defray their expenses on the journey, and deed them a home on their arrival; and they should work for him at a reasonable compensation until they had repaid him. In consideration of these inducements, ten families concluded to go with him.[27] By November of 1800, Lyon had sold his mills, his home, in fact had sold everything except his printing press and types with which he established the first printing office in Kentucky.[28]

(437) Referring to Jefferson's tender to Lyon of appointment as Commissary-General of the Western Army, one Federalist critic commented, "No appointment of Mr. Jefferson, since he has been President of the United States, courted observation and abhorrence more than that of Matthew Lyon, as commissary for furnishing supplies for the western army."[29]

(410) By 1810, Eddyville, Kentucky was an incorporated town, and described as "enlivened with business by the industrious and enterprising talents of Col. Matthew Lyon, who has put into operation a wool and cotton carding machine, and a paper mill put into motion by oxen; he has lately erected a distillery for whiskey. Mr. Lyon built several U.S. gunboats here and is constantly building large barges and other boats for the rivers. He has a barge conducted by one of his sons, running up and down to New Orleans, carrying off the produce of the Cumberland River, and returning with coffee, rice, sugar, etc."[30]

26. Harrington, *Messenger Family.* 27. Roe, *op. cit.*

28. Adams, *op. cit.*

29. Wharton, *State Trials of the United States*, and *The Port Folio*, Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 13, 1803, quoted from *Farmers' Museum.*

30. Cramer, *Navigator.*

He built a schooner, the *Beulah Lyon*, which, with her cargo of pork and beef, was valued at $50,000. It was to go down the Mississippi and around to New York, but went aground in the river and could not be floated before the cargo spoiled, to Lyon's financial ruin.[31]

(477) Lyon's religion. "He was a man who the world called, at his age, a kind-hearted, generous, noble-minded deist. He believed in an all wise Creator and preserver of the universe, was a worldly-minded business man, all absorbed in promoting the interest and improvement of the new country — Kentucky. He thought the preaching of the gospel had a tendency to improve the normal condition of society, and therefore contributed liberally to the support of the ministry — treating them all with kind respect, no matter to what denomination they belonged. Ministers were always invited to his home, and treated hospitably, and seldom went away without a nice present; but when they ventured to bring the great truths of the gospel to bear upon his mind he would say, "My dear sir, I have no time to think of this matter now; but you go on your way, the cause you work for is a good one, and I will help you all I can." He always attended services on the Sabbath, and desired his work hands to go. Yet he knew nothing of the saving influence of the gospel until his last illness."[32]

(472) The duties of his office as U.S. Factor to the Cherokee Nation at Spadra Bluff, Arkansas were "very laborious. His salary was $1,300 per year. Perhaps some may think this was great wages for so old a man — for he was old to think of such a thing; and indeed the government scarcely thought he would accept. His family urged him not to. The sons said he should never want for anything, if he would abandon the idea, and stay at home with his family. But, with all their reasoning and entreaties, they could not dissuade him from it. He said, 'What if I am seventy years old? I am as active as many men are at forty.' "[33]

The *Arkansas Gazette*, in May, 1822, says that Lyon left Spadra Bluff on the 14th of February, in a flatboat of his own construction, loaded with furs, peltries, etc., of his last year's collection, for New Orleans. On his trip down the river, his boat ran aground several

31. Roe, *op. cit.*
32. Roe, *Recollections of a Frontier Life.*
33. Roe, *Aunt Leanna.*

times, when he was always the first man to jump in the water to "shove her off." He arrived safely in New Orleans, disposed of his cargo, and purchased such articles as were necessary for the factory, "among which is machinery for a cotton gin which he is erecting, weighing 1,400 lbs." He ascended the Mississippi to the mouth of the White River, where he stored his freight, and proceeded up to Kentucky on a visit to his family.[34]

(473) Despite the anxiety of his family he insisted on returning. At the mouth of the Arkansas the water was so low that it was impossible for a steamboat to ascend, and Lyon's party proceeded in a keelboat. He "thought the circumstances compelled him to do all he could to assist in getting along, and he would frequently pole and bush-whack, (that is, catch hold of the bushes ahead of the boat and pull with all his strength), and as he was very fleshy, and the weather warm, it fatigued him very much."[35]

The editor of the *Arkansas Gazette* saw Lyon when he arrived at Little Rock in May and reported, "By the expiration of three months from the day he left home (Spadra) in February last, he will have arrived there again — and will have performed in that time a journey of more than three thousand miles. During this long journey, he has undergone more bodily fatigue than could have been expected of a man of his advanced age" and he had insisted "on performing his part, either in rowing, steering, or cordelling . . . but we could not discover that it had in the least affected his health."[34]

(*Relics*) The Bennington Historical Museum and Art Gallery, Bennington, Vermont, has a portrait, and documents bearing Lyon's signature.

Mr. Zenas H. Ellis, Fair Haven, Vermont, resides in Lyon's former home which contains some of the articles used by Lyon's family. He also has articles of interest which were brought from Lyon's home in Eddyville, Kentucky. He has a gold locket, containing a lock of hair, on which are engraved the initials B L (Beulah Lyon).

In the New York Public Library there is an interesting political pamphlet entitled "Letter from Hon. Matthew Lyon to his friend in Pownal, Vermont, published in the Spirit of Seventy-Six, A Newspaper, printed at the City of Washington, March 9, 1810."

The same library has a curious book printed by Lyon's son, James, in New Orleans in 1804, as "printer to the Government and the Bank of Louisiana." The charters of the bank are printed in French on one page and in English on the opposite page.

34. *Niles' Register*, June 29, 1822. 35. Roe, *op. cit.*

GENEALOGICAL NOTES

FIRST GENERATION

Matthew Lyon, b. July 14, 1750 in Wicklow County, Ireland. d. Aug. 1, 1822. m. (1) June 23, 1773, Mary Hosford, b. Oct. 27, 1751. m. at Cornwall, Conn. d. Apr. 29, 1784. Mary Hosford was a descendant of Benjamin Hosford, one of the first settlers of Litchfield, Conn.

m. (2) 1784, Beulah (Chittenden) Galusha, b. May 15, 1764. m. at Arlington, Vt. d. Feb. 1824. A daughter of Thomas Chittenden, first Governor of Vermont.

SECOND GENERATION

Children of Matthew Lyon and Mary Hosford:

Anne, b. Jan. 14, 1774, m. John Messenger, Sept. 29, 1796, d. abt. 1854.
James, b. Apr. 15, 1776, m. ?, d. 1824.
Pamelia, b. 1778, m. Dr. George Caldwell, Feb. 19, 1797, d. ?.
Loraine, b. 1782, d. 1799.

Children of Matthew Lyon and Beulah (Chittenden) Galusha:

Minerva, b. May 27, 1785, m. Dr. Hanson Catlett, 1804, d. ?.
Chittenden, b. Feb. 22, 1787, m. ?, d. 1842. U.S. Representative from Kentucky.
Aurelia, b. June 27, 1790, m. Dr. H. Skinner, d. 1821.
Matthew, b. Apr. 18, 1792, m. ?, d. ?.
Noah Chittenden, b. Mar. 22, 1794, m. ?, d. ?.
Beulah, b. July 26, 1796, m. ?, d. ?.
Giles, b. 1803, d. 1823.
Elizabeth Ann, b. July 11, 1805, m. John H. Roe, Sept. 11, 1821, d. ?.

THIRD GENERATION

Children of Anne Messenger:

Amanda, b. Aug. 29, 1797.
Benjamin Franklin, b. Jan. 20, 1799.
Charles Holt, b. Oct. 30, 1800.
Delinda, b. July 23, 1802, d. Oct. 31, 1802.
Elon Lee, b. Apr. 23, 1804.
John Milton, b. Apr. 7, 1807.
Minerva Olivia, b. Sept. 21, 1810.
Matthew Lyon, b. Feb. 26, 1814.
Pamelia Anne, b. May 29, 1816.

Children of James Lyon:

Rev. Mason R.

Children of Minerva Catlett:

Ann Fairfax, b. 1806, m. James S. Hepburn, 1822.

Children of Chittenden Lyon:

Matthew S., d. 1891.
Thompson A., d. 1899.
Margaret A., m. Willis Machen, U.S. Senator from Kentucky.
And two others born 1818 to 1828.

Children of Matthew Lyon:

General Hylon B., b. Feb. 22, 1836, d. Apr. 25, 1907.
West Point, '56, Confederate Army, 1861, command of the Department of Western Kentucky.
m. (1) Laura O'Hara, 1847 or 1848.
m. (2) Grace Machen (daughter of Frank Machen, who was a brother of Willis B. Machen, who m. Margaret A. Lyon), d. Mar. 23, 1883.
m. (3) Ruth Wolf.

FOURTH GENERATION

Children of Rev. Mason R. Lyon:

James Benjamin Risley.

Children of Ann Fairfax Hepburn:

Hanson.
Fannie.
William Peters, b. Nov. 4, 1833, m. Melvina A. Morsman, Oct. 7, 1855, d. Feb. 7, 1916. U.S. Senator from Iowa.

Children of Margaret A. Machen:

Col. Edward Chittenden Machen.

Children of Gen. Hylon B. Lyon and Laura O'Hara:

Hugh, d. ?.
Hylon Frances, d. ?.

Children of Gen. Hylon B. Lyon and Grace Machen:

Grace, d. ?.
Frank, b. 1874, m. Mabel Emery. Rear Admiral U.S. Navy (1942).
Hugh, d. ?.
Ernest, living in Eddyville, Ky. (1942).

Children of Gen. Hylon B. Lyon and Ruth Wolf:

Luke, d. ?.
May Belle, m. Faxon, living (1942).
Lorraine, living (1942).

FIFTH GENERATION

Children of James Benjamin Risley Lyon:

James B., b. Feb. 10, 1856. Newspaper editor and publisher, living in So. Jacksonville, Fla. (1943).
J. M., b. 1859, living in So. Jacksonville, Fla. (1943).

Granddaughters of Chittenden Lyon:

Florence O'Hara (sister of Laura O'Hara who m. Gen. Hylon B. Lyon), m. F. A. Wilson.
Mary Shelby, m. Wyatt.

Children of Sen. William P. Hepburn and Melvina A. Morsman:

Edith C., b. 1856, m. Warren F. Thummel, May 15, 1877, d. Jan. 15, 1913.
Frank, b. 1858, d. Sept. 14, 1896.
Margaret, b. 1862, m. R. H. Chamberlain.
Charles, b. 1868.
Bertha, b. 1871, d. in infancy.

Children of Admiral Frank Lyon and Mabel Emery:

Frank Emery, living (1942).
Hylon Benton, Lieut. Commander, U.S. Navy (1942).
Thomas Emery, living (1942).
Matthew.

SOURCES

Harrington, Estelle M. *Messenger Family*, St. Louis, Mo., 1934.

Hosford, Henry Hollock. *Ye Horseford Booke*, Cleveland, Ohio, 1936.

McLoughlin, J. F. *Matthew Lyon*, Wynkoop, Hallenbeck, Crawford Co., New York, N.Y., 1900.

Briggs, John Ely. *William Peters Hepburn*, State Hist. Soc. of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa, 1919.

And correspondence with descendants of Matthew Lyon who were living in 1942–1943.

Notice to our Members and Friends

The Proceedings or Quarterly of the Vermont Historical Society has been unavoidably delayed, since the issue of July, 1944. We hope to resume publication in the near future, and bring out issues which will complete the series without a gap.

When our Director, Ensign Earle W. Newton, U. S. N. R., left last year, he had arranged for a special issue in October, 1944, with Mr. Robert Warner as guest editor. Before Mr. Warner could get the material ready, he entered military service, and passed it over to another, who soon followed. Your acting director was unaware of these changes until it was too late. Meanwhile the Director's assistant decided to leave, and routine work piled up to such an extent that the editorial work for a substitute issue could not be arranged.

A new assistant, Miss Clara E. Follette, came late in the year, and has made rapid progress. It was expected that she would take over the editorial work this summer; but she had to have an unavoidable operation, and is not yet able to resume her work. It is hoped that she may return in October.

Miss Follette's absence has also disrupted our ability to handle any more than the simplest genealogical inquiries; and there is not at present any professional genealogist available to whom we can refer such tasks. It is very unfortunate that this is so, but war conditions, changes in personnel, a great increase in the number of visitors, and in many other vital problems, have caused these temporary suspensions.

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN CLEMENT
Acting Director

Vermont Historical Society
Montpelier, Vermont
September 15, 1945

GROWTH *of* VERMONT

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I. The French in the Champlain Valley
by Guy Omeron Coolidge
Immigration from the north. Ready 1945.

II. The Frontier of Northern New England
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VIII. The Rise of Industry in Vermont
The reflection in Vermont of the American industrial revolution, and the state's contribution to American industrial growth.

IX. Politics of an Agricultural State
The relationship of politics to industry and agriculture, and the growth of a progressive movement in the early twentieth century.

*X. Hill Country of Northern New England
by Harold Fisher Wilson
A social and economic analysis of the agricultural basis of life in northern New England, and in Vermont in particular, and of its background in the nineteenth century. $4.50

* Titles marked by an asterisk are ready and may be obtained from the Society. Further volumes are in preparation, and the remainder will be supplied chiefly through research under the annual fellowship recently established by the Society.

† Readers are referred to *Role of Transportation in the Development of Vermont*, a preliminary study by William J. Wilgus. Available from the Society, illustrated, $3.00.

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